

The Contented WIFE's

# GARLAND,

Consisting of a Variety of

## NEW SONGS.

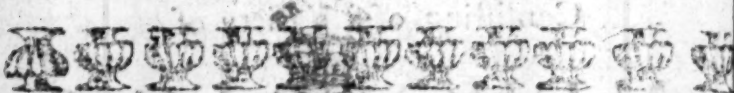
- I. The contented Wife, with the Answer.
- II. The Sailors Tragedy.
- III. A new Play-houie Song.



*Licensed and entered according to Ordeo.*



# The Contented WIFE'S GARLAND,



*The marry'd Wife's good Advice to all young Girls.*

I Have been a Wife these dozen Years,  
 And blest'd be the Time I did marry,  
 I never fell out with my Love in all my Life,  
 If he at the Ale-house did tarry;  
 I light up my Candle and go to my Bed;  
 He comes when he pleases, no more is said,  
 He sleeps till he's sober and settles his Head,  
 Girls mind this when you marry.

I rise in the Morning before he's awake,  
 And then I do make him a Fire;  
 For Breakfast I get him some Chocolate hot,  
 Or any Thing else he desires:  
 He gives me a Kiss, and to work he does go;  
 I never say, Husband, why do you do so,  
 We live like two Turtles, no Sorrow we know,  
 Girls mind this when you marry.

If on *Saturday* Night his Money fall short,  
 We make the less serve us on *Sunday*:  
 He cries, my Dear I'll be better next Week,  
 And go to my work on *Monday*:  
 Our Children in Submission and Fear,  
 We've no Words but my Love and my Dear,  
 We've been married these dozen long Years,  
 Girls mind this when you marry,

If you have bad Husbands, 'tis in vain to scold;  
 Ill Words will ne'er make them better,  
 But keep yourselves free from Contention,  
 Let your Neighbours know not the Matter;  
 And be but contented, though never so poor,  
 And you will daily increase your Store,  
 So that you may drive the Wolf from the Door,  
 Girls mind this when you marry.

*The Answer.*

**M**Y Wife is a notable Girl, I must own,  
 And now I do love her most dearly:  
 She never did scold whene'er I came Home,  
 Was I never so late or early.  
 I stagger'd to Bed, where all Night I did lie,  
 Snooring fast by her Side, like a swine in a Sty;  
 Sometimes call'd her Names, but she ne'er would reply  
 No Man was e'er happier married.

Her Goodness at length did my wildness reclaim,  
 That I should abuse such Good nature;  
 I thought to myself I was much to blame,  
 And therefore resolv'd to grow better.  
 I've left of my Drinking and Revelling quite,  
 My kind Wife and Children is all my Delight,  
 My Health I preserve, and my money by't,  
 No Man was e'er happier married.

She is a good Wife, and a Housewife besides,  
 Although I have been such a Villian,  
 She'll make a Groat go farther indeed,  
 Than many a one will a Shilling;  
 She's none of these Wives that drink Coffee or Tea,  
 Or gossips about to her Neighbours all Day,  
 Or e'er goes Abroad, unless 'tis with me,  
 No man was e'er happier married.



*The Sailor's Tragedy.*

I AM a Sailor and Home I ride,  
And in the Seas took great Delight  
The female Sex I did beguile,  
At Length two were by me with Child.

I promis'd to be true to both,  
And bound them false all in an Oath,  
To marry them if I had Life,  
And one of these I made my Wife.

The other being left alone,  
Crying You false deluding One;  
By me you've done a wicked Thing,  
Which public Shame will on me bring.

To a silent Wood she went,  
Her present Shame for to prevent;  
Soon she finish'd up the Strife,  
And cut her tender I bread of Life.

She hung herself upon a Tree;  
Two Men a hunting did her see:  
Her Flesh by Birds was basely tore,  
Which griev'd the young Mens Heart full sore,

Straight they went and cut her down,  
And in her Breast a Note was found;  
This Note was written out at large,  
Bury me not I do you charge.

But on the Ground here let me lie,  
 For every one that passes by  
 They may by me a Warning take,  
 And see what follows e'er 'tis too late.

As he is false I do protest,  
 That he on Earth should get no Rest:  
 And she said, she plagu'd him so,  
 Till a length to sea he was forc'd to go.

As he was on the Main-mast high,  
 A little Boar he did espy.  
 In which was the Ghost most grim,  
 Which made him tremble every Limb.

Down on the Deck the young Man goes,  
 To his Captain his Mind to disclose;  
 There's a Spirit coming hence,  
 I pray you stand in my Defence.

Upon the Deck the Captain gets,  
 Where soon he 'spy'd the fatal Ghost,  
 Captain, said she, you must and can,  
 With Speed, help me to such a Man.

In St. *Allen's* the young Man dy'd,  
 And in St. *Allen's* his Body's laid;  
 Captain, said she, do not say so,  
 He's dwelling in your Ship below.

And if you stand in his Defence,  
 A mighty Storm I will send hence,  
 That will cause your Men and you to weep,  
 And leave you sleeping in the Deep.

Under the Deck the Captain did go,  
 And brought the young Man to his Foe; On



On him she fix'd her Eyes most grim,  
Which made him tremble every Limb.

'Twas well known I was a Maid,  
When first by you I was betray'd,  
I am a Spirit come for you,  
You haul'd me once, I'll have you now.

For to preserve both Ship and Men,  
Into the Boat they forced him;  
The Boat sunk in a Flash of Fire,  
Which made the young Men all admire.

All you that do to Love belong,  
Now you have heard this mournful Song;  
Be true to one whate'er you mind,  
And dont delude poor Womankind.

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*A new Play-house Song.*

COME fill us a flowing Glas,  
The Bells shall merrily ring,  
And all the Room round let pass,  
Here's a Health to George our King.  
Without any Wrangle or Jangle,  
Honesty was ne'er counted a Crime,  
Remember Boys, Christmas is coming,  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

The handsome young Ladies of Newcastle,  
They are dress'd like Diana's Train,  
Their Faces so fair none can them compare,  
Their Stockings red, yellow, and green

When

When Beauty is just in its Bloom,  
 Just in the Height of their Prime,  
 But then at thirty-eight we bid 'em Good-night,  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

A Man that marries a Scold,  
 He needs no more Sorrow, I swear,  
 For Morning and Noon she'll play him a Tune,  
 Would tire the Devil to hear:  
 But at length Death comes with Commission,  
 To punish her for all her Crimes;  
 He gives her a Kick, to send her to old Nick,  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

A Sailor that uses the Sea,  
 Where blust'ring Storms do blow,  
 One Time he is here, another Time there,  
 Another Time toss'd to and fro;  
 But at length to Harbour he comes,  
 If the Sun should chance for to shine,  
 He'll drink Brandy and Flip till he splits the Ship,  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

A Miser that lives at his Pleasure,  
 And fills his Bags with Treasure,  
 His Mind is never well pleased,  
 His Care always drowns his Pleasure.  
 But at Length there comes a Commission,  
 To punish him for all his Crimes,  
 He sends him to Hell with a Fly in his Tail,  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

e, A Padder that pads on the Road,  
 And robs the poor People of their Money,  
 This

The Pleasure he has in the World,  
 To him is far sweeter than Honey:  
 At length to the Gallows he comes,  
 Just in the Height of his Prime,  
 He's ty'd with a String, and cast of with a Swing  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

A 'Prentice that has a bad Master,  
 Gets many a broken Pate,  
 The harder he works the less Victuals he gets,  
 So that is his whole Estate;  
 But when Fortune begins for to smile,  
 And perhaps to him prove kind,  
 His Master is dead, and his Dame he does wed  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

A Maiden that keeps her Maidenhead,  
 Till seventeen or eighteen Years,  
 From the Time she's thirteen, she endureth great  
 And is always a shedding of Tears: (Care  
 But at length young Charley he comes,  
 And just in the Height of his Prime,  
 He gives her a Stroke and her Pitcher is broke  
*So all Things have but a Time.*

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